

The Right Road to Health -- By Annette Kellermann

The First Dip of the Season, and Some "Don'ts" For the Bathing Girl

Don'ts For The Bathing Girl.

Don't bob up and down while clinging to a rope. This is weakening and the cause of many fatalities.

Always wet the head. This keeps the body at an equal temperature.

If you know how to swim, practice relaxing, and you will not tire so easily.

Exercise your arms on land, in your home, to give you increased strength for swimming.

Don't stay in the water after you get chilly. It's time to go in when "gooseflesh" appears.

In my last article, I think I got my bathing girl safely dressed and to the water's edge.

Today she takes her first dip.

I hope she won't scream and shriek or act coy and silly when her toes touch the water. Not that I'm a strong armed advocate of women's rights and expect masculine fortitude of the girl who takes her first swimming lesson. I believe first and last and all the time in common sense. As for rights I may say here, I've taken the right to beat many a man at my particular specialty, which is swimming, as you all know, and some day I expect to get a few more legal rights but that doesn't worry me. What I am preaching is health, and if every woman was perfectly healthy with a sound mind in a sound body they would have the strength to sweep the world and the intelligence not to want to.

The healthier a woman is physically, the better her mental balance, and her power to consider the vital questions of the moment from all sides—her side and the other fellow's side. So I'm for health.

Please Don't Scream.

Well, here I am, like Silas Wegg, dropping into politics, not poetry, when I should be swimming with you bathing girls.

I begged you not to scream, didn't I? To me there is nothing quite so maddening as a crowd of howling people in the water. Everyone is bound to

swim.

At your American beaches, especially on the Atlantic where the waves are high, the rope climber is especially popular.

I don't believe in bobbing up and down while hanging to a rope, because it is often dangerous, the women especially standing just in the trough of the sea where the waves are strongest and where the undertow is most severe.

Learn To Swim.

Learn to swim, that is my advice. Then if you want the fun of bobbing with the waves, hang on to the rope a

little further out, beyond the spot where they break. If you are torn from your rope anchorage you will always have presence of mind enough to swim through the waves as they break over your head.

I advise every woman who learns to swim to begin very early to dive through the waves. This gives her confidence in her own powers, and she will need this experience, because it is always better and less dangerous to dive through a wave than to let it break over one.

Begin with small waves to accustom yourself to putting your head under water. Some women, otherwise excellent swimmers, never get used to this and will never of their own accord get their heads wet. It is much better for the general health to wet the head by dipping it under water, as this keeps the body at an equal temperature.

Of course, when the sun is hot you will burn and tan unless you protect yourself with thick cream of face cream. Personally, I like to see a face tanned by the sun, with the hair and eyes and cheeks, but then I don't freckle, otherwise I should feel differently.

When You Get Tired.

If you tire very easily when swimming it is probably because you are not relaxed and because you keep your spine absolutely stiff. Relax, relax; that's the only way you will ever be a good

swimmer. The water will keep you up, you don't need to worry or to strain. Relax, putting all your strength into your leg and arm movements, the better you will swim.

If you think your arms are not strong, exercise them on land, patiently and systematically going through the motions of your strokes with a rod of dumbbells, as I have already described. The same with the lower limbs, content that way for an office if you feel that your legs lack vigor, strengthen the muscles by exercise on land.

It isn't heroic to stay in the water after you are chilly or "gooseflesh" appears on your arms.

Children, especially, should be carefully watched and not allowed to stay in the water after their heads or fingers begin to show signs of cold by getting blue. If the child has been taught to swim, these signs won't appear for a long time; but I am always sorry to see children half in and half out of the water shivering with cold and getting no exercise at all.

Don't Linger.

Exercise all the time you are in the water. Don't stand round.

Don't bathe immediately after eating, and don't eat immediately after bathing. If you do this last you will get cold at once.

Don't sit around in a wet bathing suit shivering. No matter how warm you are, give yourself a good hard rub down with a Turkish towel.

Your skin does not react properly with alcohol. If you do rub with rub with alcohol, not merely hanging to a rope, this won't be necessary.

Little Things That Count

Little Tasks Well Done Make Greater Tasks Possible.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

I do believe the common man's task is the hardest. The hero has the hero's inspiration that lifts him to his labor. All great things are easier than the little ones, though they cost more blood and agony.—Phillips Brooks.

THE story is told that at a great revival a little serving maid arose to her feet, and confessed Christ.

She wanted to be a better girl, she said, and at subsequent meetings she testified that she was better; that she knew it, and felt it.

She knew you know you are better than you were," asked the great leader of the service, expecting a far different answer than the one he got. The little maid hesitated. Then she looked down at the floor, and in a voice that was scarcely audible, she said, "not without some praise." "I sweep under the mat."

The great leader was a student of the human heart. He didn't believe in proof that her soul had been saved. He recognized in her awakening desire to do well all the little common deeds of life, an ambition greater than some far greater personage have ever known.

Do you sweep under the mat? The question is not asked in its literal sense, for there are many women and girls who have tasks to perform which are not under the mat, but in a broader sense, it is a question of the heart.

But there are mats in every walk of life, and they must be swept under. If we do our duty to ourselves, and to those above us.

The girls who read this all have some work to perform in the world, sorry for them if they haven't, for it is the greatest incentive recreation known, and the greatest comfort sorrow can call to its relief.

Every work, no matter if it be trivial or important, should be done well. Doing it well means there should be no neglect where neglect might not be apparent.

The task becomes one of dignity if it is well done. It dignifies and honors the laborer. An important task that is slighted does him dishonor.

It is a proof that some one put a trust in him which he has never desert.

No one, to go back to the broom which figured in the little maid's testimony, ever climbed to greater tasks by doing indifferent and careless sweeping of the steps as he climbed.

It is the little task well done that makes greater tasks possible. And it is with the greater tasks there come greater responsibilities and greater rewards.

Eight miles of the 11 mile levee along the Trinity river has been completed at Fort Worth, 100 teams are rushing the remaining work to an early completion.

Scientists have found that a grasshopper can jump 200 times its own length. This fact should be remembered by the collector who thinks he is going to be needed in the world because he has broken the jumping record.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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HOW TO DO IT—A STREET LESSON.

One day, as I was passing down Weybosset street, Providence, R. I., writes E. L. Hyde in Our Dumb Animals, my attention was drawn to a horse which evidently thought it was time to take a rest. The street was very slippery with a thick coating of waxlike mud, and the footing was very uncertain. The horse was a fleabitten gray; the load was of bales of hay or cotton. One of the wheels had slipped into a depression in the cobblestone roadbed, and old gray had decided to wait a bit.

Now there was trouble ahead and, slipping back to an apple vendor, I bought two of these persuaders, which are of much more worth than a black-male whip or a hoopole strip, which the driver was preparing to use on the horse. I stepped up and said, "Don't strike him!" Then I looked at the horse, whose ears had that unmistakable backward warning slant—the horse's storm signal. I nodded, he nosed, which is to a horse like a hand shake to a man, held an apple up to him and he quickly took it and began eating.

I talked to him and soon saw that his line of thinking had changed. I gave him the second apple, which he certainly enjoyed. Soon all storm signals were run down. I said to the driver, "Stand back!" and touching this bit spoke to my new friend, "Come, and come it was, and that with good will and a strong pull, and away went the horse and load at such a pace that the driver had to run to keep up, and the sidewalk crowd there assembled had a practical lesson in how to do it.

MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN IN HIGH DIVE.

(Other Poses in Silhouette by Isabelle-Janson, of "The Winter Garden.")

short from sheer joy of water and sunlight and the sparkle of dancing waves, but please, shout musically if you can. At some beaches, nature seems absolutely deserted by the yelling mob around.

While I'm sizzling I might as well add that a bathing beach should be treated with as much respect as a park, and swimmers, tin cans, and debris from picnics ought to be burned up or gathered together neatly for removal by the caretakers, or thrown out to sea.

Now, I've said all the disagreeable things and with an easy mind I return to the bathers.

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OUR FLAG.

(By Dr. Geo. F. Campbell.)

Hail, starry flag!

Shed glorious rays

While pass the days.

Be loyal to this flag!

Its folds thy heart entwine,

O'er vale and hill and crag

Lies various pathway climb.

Vie with the Cross

In spreading light;

All that is noble and true

By freedom bright.

Stand for the right

Mid storm and strife;

If need be, fight

For home and life.

Unswerving by fear,

Inspired by love,

To all men dear,

Lead us above.

Milk as a Food.

Milk is in itself a perfect food—that is, it contains all the elements necessary to sustain life and to build up and repair the bodily tissues. As it is a food, it should not be considered as a beverage, to be used as such in addition to solid foods. When so used it adds to the tax made upon the digestive organs. Many persons who say they "cannot take milk" because they drink it as meals as if it were water would find that no disagreeable effect would follow when used in place of food and not as a food accompaniment.—Pearson's Weekly.

Providence tempers the wind to the girl with the silk stockings.

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Goussard's Oriental Cream or Magical Ointment.

Remove Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Blemishes, and every blemish on beauty, and have a clear, smooth, and soft skin.

It is so simple and so effective that it is a surprise to many who have used it. It is a perfect skin treatment, and it is a perfect skin treatment.

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Rochester Dix: Says Suffragets Thankful Roosevelt's a Man.

Conduct of Taft and Roosevelt Both in Present Campaign Leads Woman Writer to Moralizing.

THERE is one thing for which all suffragists should return thanks to heaven, on their knees, and that is that neither president Taft nor Roosevelt is a woman.

Suppose two women who were candidates for the highest elective office in the gift of their sex—the presidency of the Federation of Women's Clubs, or the National Suffrage association, say—who had once been bosom friends, were going about the country raking up each other's past and vilifying and abusing each other like gibbets.

Suppose that the kindest epithet that they hurled at each other was "Hussy! Cat's-paw! Ingot!" and that the other compliments of the same kind, wouldn't there be heard from one end of the country to the other that such women showed that women were unfit for self government or to participate in government?

Wouldn't we tremble that it proved how emotional, illogical and prejudiced women were, and how unable they were to bring to bear the same calm, dispassionate consideration to bear on public questions that men did?

Yes, verily.

If two women who wanted the same honor and office should act as our two most exalted statesmen are now doing, wouldn't we put the cause of suffrage for woman back 50 years.

"Look at the hysteria of the performance!" men would cry. "Consider the disloyalty and treachery of them! Look at the men pulling! Observe how brittle friendships are! How they stand in the way of place and power! Have no right to the exercise of the franchise, and it will be a cold fourth of July when we put the ball in their hands."

Yes, indeed. It certainly is lucky for suffragists that Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt wear trousers instead of petticoats, because if two women had engaged in such a mudslinging contest as they have, and each backbitten each other as they have, we should have proved to everybody's satisfaction that we are not emotional, illogical and prejudiced, and that we are unable to bring to bear the same calm, dispassionate consideration to bear on public questions that men did.

Of course there's no argument in the kettle reminding the pot that it is also black, but it is interesting and clinically amusing to note how different is the code of morals and manners, even in the case of men and women, when they are judged. Nobody, for instance, is foolish enough to think that the unbecoming conduct of Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt indicates that men are unfit for self government, or should be disfranchised, but if two women took to content that way for an office it would be considered, and used, as a potent argument against giving women the right to vote.

When a man wants an office, he goes after it tooth and nail, with a scalping knife, and every man has a money bag in the other, but when a woman wants an office she is lamed, panned and criticized if she doesn't do

the "after you, my dear Alphonse," act.

Women Must Keep Still.

Apparently when men do certain things politically they are right. When women do them they are wrong. Men who believed that the laws that rule them have fought bloody battles to establish their rights, and the women who applauded them for it. But a shriek, that is echoed around the world, has gone up because some women, who thought they had a right to a voice in making the laws that govern them, smashed a few windows. Heavy stones were thrown, and blood was shed. A woman who shed a drop of blood in her struggle for liberty.

Another curious and humorous illustration of the things that a man may do, and a woman may not do, is shown in the right that men have to judge a matter on its merits, while a woman is compelled to always lug in the eternal sex equation. For example, you often hear it said that women are cruel to women makes countless thousands mourn, and that nobody is so hard on an erring woman as another woman.

In the first place, there isn't a word of truth in this assertion. Women are women, and men are men, and no man is so hard on a woman as another man.

What I want to call attention to is that a man is accused of being actuated by jealousy and envy if he blackballs the unworthy one at a club and refuses to associate with him. If a man commits a terrible crime nobody expects other men to be filled with maudlin sentiment about him.

No matter what another woman is, no other woman can ever criticize her without being called a hussy. If she has the moral courage and hardihood to hold that sex doesn't justify crime, and that the women who break the law should be punished for it, every body turns on her the old cry that it is woman against woman, and that woman has no pity for each other.

Consider the Lovely Campaign.

All of which makes it a baffling and perplexing job to be a woman, but amid its difficulties Providence has vouchsafed us one mercy—it made Taft and Roosevelt our brothers instead of our sisters. Otherwise we should never have heard the last of the dangers of the emotional sex in politics, and the polls would have been the north pole to which no skirt would have penetrated for a generation to come.

As it is we have hopes, and we point with pride to the fact that the two women who are now rivals for the presidential office of president of the Federation of Women's Clubs are conducting a campaign that is fragrant with the perfume of good sense, and that the other is perfectly sweet and a darling, and would make just a lovely president if she were elected.

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